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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 2.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JULY 12, 1876.

NO. 27.

Year	Month	Week	Day	Single
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A Country School.

Pretty and pale and tired,
She sits in her stiff-backed chair,
While the blazing summer sun
Shines on her soft brown hair;
And the tiny brook without,
That she hears through the open door,
Mocks with its murmur cool
Hard benches and dusty floor.

It seems such an endless round—
Grammer and A, B, C, The blackboard and the sums;
The studied geography;
When from teacher to little Jim
Not one of them cares a straw,
Whether "John" is any "case",
Or Kansas in Omaha.

But Jenny's bare brown feet
Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his living bait
Shall leap with a quick, bright gleam,
And his teacher's blue eyes stay
To the flowers on the desk hard by,
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes
With a half-unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the cloeck,
And she smells their faint sweet scent,
But when have time and heart
Their measure in unison blent?
For time will hasten or lagg,
Like your shadow on the grass,
That lingers far behind!
Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jem,
The strain and the fish will wait;
And patience, tired blue eyes—
Down the road by the gate,
Under the willow shade,
Stands one with freshest flowers;
So turn to your books again,
And keep love for the after hours.

Carpe Diem.

Youth, that pursues with eager pace
Thy every way,
Thou'ntest to win a mournful race;
Then stay! Oh, stay!

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
Loiter—enjoy;
Once past, thou never wilt come back again
A second boy.

The hills of manhood wear a noble face,
When seen from far;
The mist of light from which they take
Their grace
Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs
between
Thou canst not know;
And how it leads to regions never green,
Dead fields of snow.

Pause while thou mayest, nor deem that
fate thy gain
Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious
plain,
A man at last.

—Lord Houghton.

THE FORTY ACRE STORY.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

It doesn't do men good to live apart from women and children. I never knew a boys' school in which there was not a tendency to rowdyism, and lumbermen, sailors, fishermen, and other men that live only with men, are proverbially a half-breed sort of people. Frontiersmen soften down when women and children come. But I forget myself—it is my story you want.

Burton and Jones lived in a shanty by themselves. Jones was a married man, and, finding it hard work to support his family in a "down east" village, had emigrated to northern Minnesota, leaving his wife under his father's roof, until he should be able to make a start. He and Burton had pre-empted a town site of three hundred and twenty acres.

There were, perhaps, twenty families scattered sparsely over this town site at the time my story begins and ends, for it ends in the same week in which it begins.

The parties had disagreed, quarreled and divided their interests. The land was also shared between them, except one valuable forty acre piece. Each of them claimed that piece of land, and the quarrel had grown so high between them that the neighbors had expected them to "shoot at sight." In fact it was understood that Burton, who was on the forty acre piece, had determined to shoot Jones if he came, and Jones had sworn to go out to shoot Burton, when the fight was postponed by the arrival of Jones' wife and child.

Jones' shanty was not finished, and he was forced to forego the pleasure of fighting his old partner in his exertion to make his wife and child comfortable during the night, for the winter sun was surrounded by "sun bugs." Instead of one sun there were four, an occurrence not unfrequent in that latitude, but one that always abodes a terrible storm. In his endeavor to care for his wife and child, Jones was mollified a little and half regretted that he had been so violent about the piece of land. But he was not to be backed down and would certainly have to shoot Burton or be shot himself.

When he thought of the chance of being killed by his old partner, the prospect was not pleasant. He looked wistfully at Kitty, his two-year old child, and dreaded that she would be fatherless. Nevertheless, he wouldn't

be backed down. He would shoot or be shot.

While the father was busy cutting wood and the wife was busy otherwise, little Kitty managed to get the shanty door open. There was no latch as yet, and her prying little fingers easily swung it back. A gust of wind almost took her breath away, but she caught sight of the brown grass without, and the new world seemed so big that the little feet were fair to try to explore it.

She pushed out through the door, caught her breath again, and started away down the path bordered by scraggly grass and the dead stock of wild flowers.

How often she had longed to escape from restraint and puddle out into the world alone! So out into the world she went, rejoicing in her liberty, in the blue sky above and the rusty prairie beneath. She would find out where the path went and what was the end of the world. What did she care if her nose was blue and her chubby hands as red as beets! Now and then she turned her head away from the rude blast, forerunner of the storm, but having gasped a moment she quickly renewed her march in search of the great unknown.

The mother missed her, but supposed that Jones, who could not get enough of the child's society, had taken the little pet out with him. Jones, poor fellow, supposing that the darling was safe within, chopped away until the awful storm broke upon him, and at last drove him, half smothered by the snow, and half frozen by the cold, into the house. When there was nothing left but retreat he seized an armful of wood and carried it into the house with him to make sure of having enough to keep Kitty and his wife from freezing in the coming awfulness of that night which now settled down upon the storm-beaten and snow-blinded world.

On the morning of the second day, the storm subsided. It was cold, but knowing somebody must be mourning Kitty for dead, he wrapped her in skins and with much difficulty reached the first neighbor's house, suffering only a frosty nose by the way.

"The child," said the woman to whose house he had gone, "is Jones'; I see 'em take her outen the wagon yester day before yesterday."

Burton looked a moment at Kitty in perplexity, then he rolled her up again and started out, "traveling like mad," the woman said, as she watched him.

When once the wood was stacked by the stove, Jones looked for Kitty. He had no more than asked for her, when father and mother read in each other's faces the fact that she was lost in the wild, dashing storm of snow.

So fast did the snow fall and so dark was the night that Jones could not see three feet ahead of him. He endeavored to follow the path which he thought Kitty might have taken, but it was buried in the snow-drifts, calling out to Kitty in his distress, not knowing whither he went. After an hour of despairing wandering and shouting, he came upon a house, and, after having rapped upon the door, he found himself face to face with his wife, he having returned to his own door in his bewilderment.

And Burton said:

"Jones, old fellow, you may have that forty acre patch. It came near making me the murderer of that little Kitty's father."

"No! you shall have it yourself," cried Jones, "if I have to go to law to make you."

And he actually deeded his interest in the forty acres to Burton. But Burton transferred it all to Kitty.

This is why this part of Newton was called "Kitty's Forty."

The greatest cataract in the world is the falls of Niagara.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,100 miles long. The largest valley in the world is the Missouri Valley.

Burton had stayed upon the forty acre lot all day, waiting for a chance to shoot his old partner, Jones. He had not heard of the arrival of Jones' wife, and he concluded his enemy was a coward, and had left him in possession, or meant to play him some treacherous trick on his way home. So Burton resolved to keep a sharp look out, but soon found that impossible, for the storm was soon upon him in its blinding. He tried to follow the path, but he could not find it.

Had he been less of a frontiersman, he must have perished within a furlong of his hut. He endeavored to keep the direction of the path, and soon heard a smothered cry, and something rose up covered with snow and fell down again. He raised his gun to shoot it when the creature uttered another wailing cry, so human that he put down his gun and went cautiously forward. It was a child.

He did not remember that there was such a child among the settlers at New-top. He did not stop to ask questions. He must, without delay, get himself

and the child, too, to a place of safety, or they would both be frozen. So he took the little thing in his arms and started through the drifts. And the child put its fingers on Burton's rough cheek, and muttered "Papa!" And Burton held her closely, and fought the snow more vigorously than ever.

He found the shanty at last, and rolled the child in a buffalo robe while he made a fire. Then when he had got the room a little warm, he took the little thing upon his knee, dipped her aching fingers into cold water, and asked her what her name was.

"Kitty," she said.

"Kitty," said he; "and what else?"

"Kitty," she answered, nor could he find out any more.

"Your Kitty," she said. For she had known her father but that one day, and now she believed that Burton was her father. Burton sat up all night and stuffed wood into his impotent little stove to keep the baby from freezing to death. Never having had anything to do with children, he firmly believed that Kitty, sleeping snugly under the blankets and robes, would freeze if he should let the fire subside in the least.

As the storm prevailed with unabated fury the next day, and as he dared neither to take Kitty out nor to leave her alone, he stayed by her all day, and strolled the stove, and laughed at her droll baby talk, and fed her on biscuit, fried bacon and coffee.

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The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the great Iron Mountain in Missouri.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania.

A MINISTER asked a tipsy fellow, who was leaning up against a fence, where he expected to go when he died. "If I don't get along any better than I do now," he said, "I shan't go anywhere."

He did not remember that there was such a child among the settlers at New-top. He did not stop to ask questions. He must, without delay, get himself

Those Race Horse men.

Mrs. Crocker, of Detroit, loves to read a daily paper. She begins at the name and reads to the last line on the fourth page, skipping nothing. She hasn't a first class college education, but it is seldom that any thing printed in the paper is too much for her. She got "stuck" the other day, however, and this is how it happened: There was a report of a horse race, and she began to read it. She got down to where it said John Jay names g. g. Dick, and she mused:

"He names g. g., does he? Now, what in the world is a g. g.? I've been to races several times, and I never saw a g. g. around there."

She puzzled over it until old Mr. Thompson came over to borrow a few clothes-pins, and she asked him what it could mean.

"John Jay names g. g." he mused. "Why, that's as plain as day. He named a gray goat, of course, and the name of that gray goat is Nick."

"What is a goat doing at a horse race?" asked Mrs. Crocker

"I don't know," he replied; "but John had one there, sure's you're horn."

She took the paper and read that James Thomas named b. m. Troubadour, and she wanted to know what on earth that meant.

"That means—that means," he replied, scratching his head, "that means that James Thomas has his big mule there, and that his big mule was named Troubadour."

"I never heard of a mule trotting at a horse race," she protested.

"But it seems that this was a big mule, and so they let him in," he explained.

The next thing she found was that Peter Black named his b. c. Nancy for the 2:40 dash.

"You know what that means, do you?" she asked, as she handed the old man the paper.

"Yes, I do," was the prompt reply.

"If I know my business, and I think I do, for I have owned seven horses and eleven sulks in my time, that means that Peter Black named his black calf for that dash."

"Oh, phew!"

"Very well, Mrs. Crocker. If you know all about racing why did you ask me?

"Do you suppose I'm fool enough to believe that a black calf is named to trot in a horse race? You are getting to be a fool, Mr. Thompson!"

"I guess not—I guess I know my business."

"You got out of this yard, sir!" she yelled. I don't pretend to know much but I know more in a minute than you do in fourteen days!"

"Very well, Mrs. Crocker, very well. I was going to borrow some of your clothes-pins, but now I won't—no, dang me if I do!"

She ran for the hoe, and he for the gate, and if any body has wondered over seeing a Crawford street woman rushing a baldheaded man along the sidewalk, this article can be taken as an explanation. The man doesn't live who can make old Mrs. Crocker believe that a black calf has anything to do with a race track.—[Detroit Free Press.]

A Grocer's Trick.

The other day a Grand River avenue grocer purchased a thirty-pound crock of butter of a farmer whom he had never dealt with before, and while down in the cellar emptying the crock, he thought of a trick to surprise the agriculturist. Finding a stone weighing about eight pounds, the grocer greased it, carried it up stairs with

THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT, EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12.....1876.

DEMOCRATIC REFORM TICKET.

For President.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN,

OF New York.

For Vice President.

THOS. A. HENDRICKS,

OF Indiana.

The Ratification Meeting.

The Tilden and Hendricks ratification meeting was held at the courthouse here last Saturday. On account of the splendid farming weather of the past week the attendance was much smaller than it otherwise would have been, but the proceedings had the true honest ring of the genuine Simon pure metal, and what it lacked in numbers it made up in the amount of enthusiasm and old-time loyalty displayed by the participants. The meeting was called to order by Dr. Tyler Griffin, when L. D. Cooper was chosen Chairman with Henry Baltzell as Secretary. Mr. Cooper, in a few brief and pointed remarks, thanked the meeting for the honor conferred upon him, and called on all true democrats to stand by the old banner of Democracy, and amid rounds of applause resounded his seat.

Hon. E. D. Walker was called upon to make the ratification speech, which he did with credit to himself and honor to his party. The record of the Republican leaders was shown up in a masterly manner by the honorable speaker, who dwelt upon the corruption of the radical government at Washington, and the disgrace it has entailed on the proud name of freedom. The Cincinnati nominations were scammed by the orator, and a comparison made between the great unknown nominees and B. F. Bristow, whose record is free from stain, and who inaugurated the investigations that have unearthed the foulest and most disgraceful frauds that have ever been perpetrated by the government of any nation. The reason assigned by the speaker for the rejection of the only honest man that could have been nominated by the party, was the antipathy to everything pertaining to reform, and then in a style that showed the orator conversant with his subject, he compared the records of the St. Louis nominees with the obscurity of those of Cincinnati, and in an impassioned strain, pointed out why everyone, independent of party, should vote for Tilden and Hendricks, and the bright future that their election indicated to the country. Amid enthusiastic cheers the speaker resumed his seat, and Hon. I. A. Spalding, candidate for Congress from this, the second, Congressional district, took the floor. Mr. Spalding's speech was one of the most brilliant we have ever listened to, and each question under discussion was put with such clearness and simplicity that a child might well have understood it. We are sorry our space does not permit us to publish it entire.

The honorable gentleman began by reviewing the many evils the Republican party has entailed on the country during the past fifteen years, not the least of which is the enormous burthen of taxation borne by the citizens of the United States, and which goes to enrich the innumerable thieves and rascals generated by the corruptions of the Republican party.

The speaker took up the currency question and handled it with the skill of one who is thoroughly acquainted with the subject. The evils of a depreciated currency was painted in their true colors, and the speaker conclusively proved that hard money was the only preventative against complete financial ruin.

The subject of paying off the interest on our bonded debt in gold was ably discussed. The speaker said, when the interest on bonds was payable in greenbacks, Europe would not buy them, and the consequences were that they remained at home, and the interest on those sold was put into circulation until money was plentiful everywhere, and business activity and prosperity were the order of the day; but just so soon as the interest was to be paid in gold European capitalists took advantage of this and bought in all the U. S. Bonds that were put upon the market. So at the present time Europe holds nearly two-thirds of all the bonds issued by the United States Government, thus causing the enormous taxation and stringency in monetary affairs by taking that to Europe which should be in circulation in our own country.

The speaker was in favor of a return to specie payment, and altogether opposed to the present national banking system. Resolved, That we most cheerfully and heartily endorse and ratify the nomination of the great reformers, Tilden and Hendricks.

On motion of E. Dudley Walker, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we most cheerfully and heartily endorse and ratify the nomination of the great reformers, Tilden and Hendricks.

Mr. Spalding went on to say that no class of men in the world were so

unable to understand the wants of the people as the demagogues who have been so long in office, and who, on this account, have committed so many blunders in the past fifteen years.

The record of the Democratic party, before and since the war, was admirably handled, and the reason why the sound, honest old party should and would come into power next November was clearly foreshadowed.

The speaker stated that owing to Republican misrule, every merchantable commodity had depreciated in value to an alarming extent. The depreciation in the price of horses and mules alone in the state of Kentucky, amounted to \$175,000 in the last year.

The tariff question came next and was handled in a masterly manner, the speaker explaining the tariff laws, and vividly picturing their effects upon the working classes of the union. The honorable gentleman is opposed to the existing tariff, and was of the opinion that this should be an important question in the present political campaign, as it would bring the people of the West into a closer acquaintanceship with this fostering protection of Eastern monopolies and its effects upon the prosperity of our country.

The speaker then pronounced a splendid eulogy on Tilden, and went on to state the reasons why the honest men of both parties should give him their hearty support. He called on the Democracy to be united, and pointed out the danger of factions. He ascribed their defeat in '61 to the split in the party, and all its subsequent unsees to the same cause. After a few more remarks the honorable gentleman took his seat amid rounds of applause.

Hon. H. D. McHenry then being called upon, arose, and in his own peculiar inimitable manner, proceeded to business. The very first dash, as Padbury would say, "he threw could wath" over the Peter Cooper party, and truthfully denounced it as a ruse of the Republicans to split the Democracy and weaken its strength in the coming November election. The speaker went on to describe the National Democratic Convocation at St. Louis, and pronounced it the finest body of men that ever met together in any country in the world. He called the attention of his hearers to the hatred displayed by Grant and the Republican party toward every thing that has a tendency to check the current of corruption and fraud that has been flowing in a disgusting and filthy stream for a number of years, and pointed to their treatment of the unfortunate Custer by the administration, on account of his having given damning testimony in the Washington Ring case. Then their rejection of the only prominent honest man in the south. No better society is certainly found in the Green River country. Our people as a general rule, are moral, industrious, and religious and in their private intercourse, hospitable, affable and pleasant, being equally secure from the vices which are always induced by great wealth or abject poverty; indeed we have well nigh approximated the coveted condition spoken of by the good man of the Bible, when he prayed, "give me neither poverty nor riches," yet we are not without men of capital, who enjoy a commanding influence in the financial circles of the commercial world.

We have merchants here who have bought and paid for over a million pounds of the narcotic weed the present season; others manipulate what capital they need in the ordinary pursuits of mercantile enterprise, and mechanical vocations; while we have the unmitated corruption of the party apparent to even their own supporters, and the sooner it is wiped out, the better it will be for the country.

The speaker went on to give a history of the great Tammany Ring of New York city, from the days of the Revolution until the present time, showing how corruption had crept into it and made a once pure association a perfect den of thieves. Then he recounted Tilden's gallant fight against the monster and his final triumph.

The speakers then mentioned the unanimity of the St. Louis convention for Tilden, and gave the record of our next President and a history of his reform of the New York city government.

The honorable gentleman thought that fifteen years was too long for any one party to hold the power, and pointed out historical precedent, which inevitably led to corruption and anarchy. The speaker was of the opinion that it would be impossible for the Democratic party to do worse than the Republican party has done, while the chances are that they would do one hundred fold better.

The speaker wound up with a call on all honest men, independent of party, who have the welfare of their country at heart, to vote for the Tilden and Hendricks ticket, and resumed his seat amid great applause.

On motion of E. Dudley Walker, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we most cheerfully and heartily endorse and ratify the nomination of the great reformers, Tilden and Hendricks.

On motion of H. D. McHenry the meeting adjourned.

SOUTH CARROLTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Herald:

It may be that your readers would not object seeing something occasionally from this unpretending little neighbor, as her inhabitants are constantly looking up the rich and productive fields of your county, and from their windows, often admiring the grandeur of your forests, and the silent sweet beauty, of the rich, wild flowers that adorn your shore of our classic Green.

As to situation, few towns enjoy a superior one—immediately on Green River, at about an equal distance from Bowling Green and Evansville, which are connected by a beautiful line of steamers which touch our wharf almost every day in the week, bearing the rich commerce of our valley by our doors, thus bringing us into close and easy connection with both north and south, affording us the pleasure and luxury of having and enjoying at the same time the heavy blocks of northern ice, and the tempting clusters of southern bananas. We are also situated immediately on the E. O. & N. R. R., whose objective points are Chicago and Nashville, so that at no distance day we expect to take breakfast at home, and dinner at Nashville; or breakfast at home and supper in Chicago. The competition between river and road, gives us uniform cheap rates of freight and travel, while the surrounding country, both north and west comprises a most excellent portion of the Green River valley. By these advantages in location, and facilities in transportation and commerce, we can live as cheap, as any civilized people under the sun. By our road we reach the L. P. & W. R. R. in three miles, and Oberboro in thirty-four, and may visit Louisville or Paducah any day, or drop in on our friends in Nashville or Evansville almost without an effort.

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On motion of E. Dudley Walker, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we most cheerfully and heartily endorse and ratify the nomination of the great reformers, Tilden and Hendricks.

On motion of H. D. McHenry the meeting adjourned.

LETTER FROM BEAVER DAM.

BEAVER DAM, July 31, 1876.

Editor Herald:

"Henri," in his last week's communication, was very precise in regard to the number who gave attention to Mr. Woodward at Cromwell, and your readers will certainly understand that he numbered them with a great deal of exactness, and doubtless he took down their names, which he will certainly preserve. We not being present, of course will have to depend on his history, so far as Cromwell is concerned, but beg leave to differ with him in regard to Beaver Dam.

He says "most all in this part of the county are for Phillips." Now, if he denominates himself and a few others about Beaver Dam "most all this part of the county," he is evidently correct, for we think he is for Phillips; but if he means a majority of the voters, we think the poll-book will show, the first Monday in August, that he is *most* ten, for we are satisfied with a very large majority of both parties will vote for Mr. Woodward. And we would further inform Mr. "Henri" that "the few democrats" who "at present prefer to be Woodward" claim, as a reserved right, the right to vote for whom they please, even though it may look "strange" to him; and we will further state that some of us were democrats when he was in, his swaddling clothes, and are democratic still in faith and practice, and think that his cry of "leaving to party" is all buncome, which will not, however, effect anything with the thinking, solid men of this county, who are bent on bringing about reform in politics.

Political tricksters have so long led the masses by the ears that they think it strange too that men should presume to vote without consulting them, and straightforward set up a hue and cry that they have "left their party."

MANY DEMOCRATS.

We received the initial number of "The West and South" a new journalistic enterprise started at Rockport, Indiana, and published by the West and South Publishing Company. The West and South is Democratic to the core, and from the appearance of the first number we predict for it a successful future. The people of that section of Indiana should feel proud of their new journal and give it the hearty support of the entire community.

WE RECEIVED THE INITIAL NUMBER OF "THE WEST AND SOUTH" A NEW JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE STARTED AT ROCKPORT, INDIANA, AND PUBLISHED BY THE WEST AND SOUTH PUBLISHING COMPANY.

CHRONIC DISEASES CURED.

NEW PATHS MARKED OUT FOR HEALTH.

BY DR. MURKELL, M.C.O.C.C.

JULY 21, 1876.

IN THIS NUMBER OF "THE COURIER-JOURNAL" WE PUBLISH A NEW PAGE OF MEDICAL NEWS, WHICH WILL BE OF GREAT USE TO THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE SUBJECT.

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THE HERALD.

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY,

—BY—
JOHN P. BARRETT,

AT THE PRICE OF
One Dollar and Fifty cents per Year.

Job work of every description done with
accuracy and dispatch, at city prices. We have
a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage
of the business community.

The postage of every copy of THE HERALD is
prepaid at this office.

Our terms of subscription are \$1 50 per year,
immediately in advance.

Should we suspend publication, from
any cause, during the year, we will refund the
money due us as subscription, or furnish subsi-
dies for the unexpired term with any paper of
the same price which may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited;
except those of saloons keepers and dealers in
intoxicating liquors, which are not admitted to our
columns under any circumstances.

All communications and contributions for pub-
lication must be addressed to the Editor.

Communications in regard to advertising and job
work must be addressed to the Publishers.

General Local News,

LYCURGUS BARRETT, LOCAL EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12.....1876.

THERE are several communications
left over for want of space this week,
but will appear in our next.

The first kiddy commenced her
song on the 8th inst. Look out for
foot about the 8th day of October.

READ South Carrollton letter in
another column of this issue. It is good
and we would be glad to hear from "S"
after.

Go to Thos. S. Duke's, two doors
from Z. Wayne Griffin's drug store
and buy bridles, saddles and harness.

THE MUSIC of the anvils ringing
from morning till night, speaks
well for the prosperity of our disciples
of Tuval coin.

J. W. DANIEL will give another
barbecue on Saturday, the 29 inst., at
Beaver Dam. All who wish a good
time should attend.

The thermometer stood at ninety-
eight degrees in the shade Sunday evening
after sundown. Bury us in an ice
house when we do die. Oh!

HON. H. D. McHENRY and lady,
of this city, accompanied by their neice,
Miss Sallie Taylor, left this week to
attend the Centennial Exposition at
Philadelphia.

MISSES ELLEN and Nellie Taylor,
of this city, left yesterday morning to
visit friends and relatives in Hender-
son and Union counties. May their
visit be attended with much pleasure.

The late rains gave the weeds a
good chance in the gardens of our
burgh, and now our citizens have com-
menced a vigorous hosing crusade
against the common enemy.

MISS FANNIE BROTHERTON, of Da-
vis county, who has been visiting her
sister Mrs. Sam. K. Cox, of this place,
for several weeks past, returned home
yesterday morning.

MR. A. L. MORRISON our genial Cir-
cuit court clerk has greatly improved
the appearance of his dwelling house
by the free application of paint. Go
thou and do likewise.

HAVING secured the services of
"Lou" a first-class butcher, I have
reopened my Butcher Shop where all
kinds of meats can be found at all hours
of the day and at prices to suit the times.
Call and examine for yourselves.

R. P. SORRELS.

MR. CHARLES GRIFFIN, was appointed
town marshal, in place of J. N. Wise,
resigned, by the town trustees Thursday
night last. In making this selection we say the city fathers have
displayed their punctuation in a very
complimentary manner, as Charlie will
make an efficient officer and we hope
he will fill the position with honor to
himself and pride to those who have
appointed him.

JAMES N. BRANDON, of Cancyville,
paid our city a visit last Monday.
Mr. Brandon has just passed through
successful collegiate course in the
Louisville Medical College, and is
now looking for a location. Jim is a
splendid fellow and a gentleman, and
we wish him the most unlimited suc-
cess in his professional career.

"Patrons of husbandry?" said Mrs.
Partington reflectively in reply to a re-
mark of the Doctor's concerning that
order. "Yes I do seem to remember
hearing of them; but I never have used
any. The best patrons that I know of
are the 'Domestic.' I have used lots
of those to cut out my clothes by"—
and here Isaac broke into her remarks
with the information that the old ones
made bulky kites; and then went gravely
on with his work of decorating the
cats tail with patent clothespins
using.

Express Robber Caught.

Our readers will remember that
some time in April last, we gave an
account of a robbery which occurred
at Riley's Station, on the Owensboro
& Russellville Railroad, in which the
Southern Express Company lost \$1,000.
It transpires that three brothers, Escan,
William and Dewitt Shelton committed
the deed. They learned in some
way that the money was deposited in
the office on the 11th of April, and
went out that night on pretense of
hunting coons. When they got in the
woods they laid the ax down so that
the dogs would stay by it, and went
to the office, and one stood guard on
either side and the third one went in
and broke open the safe, which was
not in a good fix to resist burglars.
They secreted the money in a hollow
tree in the woods and let it remain
there until about the middle of May,
when they got it out and went to
Owensboro and bought a good many
things, and such things as they were
not in the habit of getting, and one of
them happened to have a mother-in-law,
who questioned her daughter about how
they got the money to make the
purchases, whereupon the daughter told
her, and the mother-in-law let it leak out
in the neighborhood and they heard of it and ran off. Detective W.
P. Conley, of Memphis, Tenn., was
put on their track, and with the assistance
of Mr. Hig Riley, who kept a close
look-out for them, he finally came up
upon two of them in Tennessee, on a
train of cars. They captured Dewitt,
but the other, William, succeeded in
making his escape. Dewitt Shelton
was lodged in the Calhoun jail last Fri-
day night.

Mr. J. C. Riley, the young man who
is the agent at Riley's Station, is great-
ly rejoiced at the capture of even one
of the scoundrels, as it lifts any and all
suspicion that might in any way have
attached to him in the matter.

The prospects are good for the capture
of the other two. The robbers came
from Tennessee to McLean county
about two years ago. It must be a
foolish set of robbers that will undertake
a burglary in the Southern Express
Company right here in the South
where all her principal officers are,
when it is so well known that they
never stop for expense, time or trouble
in beating down any one who commits
such a crime against them. The com-
pany had to replace the \$1,000 lost,
and have spent as much more in hunting
down these theives, and will not stop
till the other two are caught, if it should
cost five hundred dollars to do it.

We are in receipt of the Simpson
county, Agricultural and Mechanical
Association's programme, printed at
the Patriot office, Franklin, Ky., and
would say that for typographical neat-
ness and general make-up, it reflects
credit on that office.

THE CROP PROSPECTS of Ohio county,
are better than they were this time
last year. Wheat and oats have pro-
ven an average crop, while corn promises
well, if nothing happens. All the
tobacco set out is in fine condition,
and instead of a scarcity of the
weed, it is confidently reported by
those that know, that there will be as
large a crop this year as was last.

A. B. BAIRD, President.

Election Notice.

By virtue of an order of the Ohio
County court made at its July term
1876, there will be a poll opened in the
first Monday in August next, to elect
a Justice of the Peace to fill out the un-
expired term of T. S. Bennett, re-
quested.

T. J. SMITH, Sheriff, Ohio Co.

Hartford, Ky., July 7, 1876.

The best Washer.

We have examined Odell's washer
and without an exception pronounce it
the best and most complete machine
of the kind ever before presented to
the people. Any kind of garment
from the finest lace collar to a bed
quilt can be washed perfectly clean
without the slightest injury to the same.

Messrs. Poor and Miller, State agents,
will make an exhibition of this ma-
chine during the week. They are stop-
ping at the Crow House, where those
wishing to purchase county rights can
do so.

MR. M. L. WARD, of Morgantown,
Butler county, was in town last Saturday,
and paid this office a visit.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

On the 10th of August next, I will start East for a
tremendous fall stock, and from this date till then I
will sell the best bargains ever offered in Hartford, so as
to make room for new stock.

Look at these prices:

Best brands of prints.....6 cents.

Yard-wide brown Domestic...8 "

" bleached...9 "

and all other goods at cor-
respondingly low prices.

This is no humbug, but an
actual reality. All those in-
debted to me, will please call
and settle before I start

East, as I will need money.

E. SMALL.

Guffy's Speech.

HON. B. L. D. GUFFY's speech on
the Greenback Question at the court-
house Saturday last, was listened to
by a highly appreciative audience and
although the subject of finance at best,
is a dry musty theme, yet the talented
speaker handled it in such a remark-
able manner and presented it in such a
new dress to the minds of his audience
that it was really interesting. Mr.
Guffy, in advocating the Greenback
policy is working in the interest of the
Independent party, with Peter Cooper
of New York, for President, and New-
ton Booth of California, for Vice Presi-
dent. The National Independent party
convened at Indianapolis some time
in May last when the above ticket was
chosen.

About the sum and substance of the
speaker's discourse amounted to this,
that money is only a tool of trade and
no matter how it is presented to the
people with the sanction of the existing
government, whether in gold, silver,
brass, copper, shells, pig iron or
waste paper, they should accept it
without a murmur, and feel thankful
if they only get enough of it.

The best point the speaker made,
was when he said very few were aware
of the existence of this third or Inde-
pendent party, and although we have
been reading the Indianapolis Sun,
the party organ, we fully concur in
the assertion of the honorable gentle-
man.

Taken altogether Mr. Guffy made a
remarkably brilliant address on such
a worn out threadbare subject and al-
though we may differ from the orator
in our financial ideas yet we must ac-
knowledge that he merits our admira-
tion and respect for his clear concise
enunciation of what he thinks is right.

E. SMALL, our enterprising dry
goods merchant, advertises to start
East for goods next month.

Grayson Springs.

This popular Kentucky resort, where
visitors are so kindly welcomed after
the good old fashioned way of the Van-
ometers, has opened for the Centennial
year under the most encouraging auspices,
and the indications are favorable for
a large gathering of people from
Louisville and other points in Ken-
tucky and the South. The annual
opening ball will take place Friday
Evening, 14 inst., which will be a brill-
iant affair, after which the season will
be fully open to those who would enjoy
the health giving waters, the pure
air, the substantial living, and the gener-
ous hospitality of the gentlemanly
proprietors.

THERE will be a meeting of the
board of Directors and Stockholders of
the Ohio County Agricultural and
Mechanical Association, at the court-
house in Hartford, on Saturday, the
15th day of July, 1876, at one o'clock
A. M., for the transaction of important
business connected with the company.

A. B. BAIRD, President.

FRIEND.

Dissolution.

The firm heretofore existing under
the name and style of Moore & Wise,
has this day been dissolved by mutual
consent, F. B. Wise, retiring from the
firm temporarily. W. H. Moore,
is authorized to settle up the business
of the late firm, and all persons indebted
to said firm, will please call and settle
without delay.

MOORE & WISE.

June 30, 1876.

THE undersigned will continue the
business of Milling and Wool Carding,
at the old stand, and thankful for past
patronage, respectfully solicits the
custom of the public.

W. H. MOORE.

June 30, 1876.

In retiring from the firm of Moore &
Wise, for the remainder of the pres-
ent season, I take this method of thank-
ing the people for their past patronage of
said firm, and respectfully recom-
mend my successor, Mr. W. H. Moore,
to their favor.

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W. H. MOORE.

June 30, 1876.

THE HERALD.

Rules for Farming.

In the course of his business transactions this past winter, Mr. Popinjay, of Fulton, became possessed of a small farm, and this spring, feeling that he was likely to be without business through the summer, made up his mind to carry it on himself. His experience as a farmer has been brief, but he'll have no trouble at all, for he has been inquiring all about it of his friends, and the information that they gave him, and which he came in and got printed yesterday afternoon, he is going to tack on the barn door, where he can consult it whenever he feels at all doubtful as to the method to pursue. The following are a few of the items:

To milk a cow—tie her tail to a man-gar; get a small bag to hang on her head; then put a clothes-pin on each teat; and go about your other chores until the pail is full.

Take your corn to the mill; never take it in a liquid state, for it interferes with plowing.

Always keep a large flock of sheep on hand; their skins are admirable for heads of snare-drums.

Asparagus is one of the most essential things on a farm, it is a beautiful thing for cats to repose under on hot days, and to put over the looking-glass in the sitting-room for flies to roost on.

Always keep a mule; a mule is better than six carpenters for removing the back of your barn if you should want such a job done.

The best way to raise turnips is with a derrick.

Never feed a hog ice-cream. It has a lachrymatory effect upon the lackadaisical conception, and unfits the bladder for a tobacco pouch.

An early spring vegetable frogs are immense, bringing ten, and often eleven cents per dozen. And that's a thing to croak over.

Hens are a profitable investment if they are only fighting cocks that "stay" and win the pot.

It is well enough to raise a few pears; nothing can beat them unless it is three of a kind or a flush.

Two hired men and a boy will be as many beets as you will want to raise any one season.

Don't be disappointed if you don't make any money; a farmer was intended merely to represent an honest man.

With such instructions before him, how can Mr. Popinjay fail to succeed? —[Fulton Times.]

Unappreciated.

Edgar Poe, the poet, died at the age of forty, really starved out. It is not a thing that Americans can think of with satisfaction, that the finest works of imagination their country has produced—the tales of Hawthorne and Poe—never brought their authors half as much money as a inferior reporter on a provincial paper now gets.

For "The Raven" Poe received ten dollars. These stories, which would bring almost any sum from a magazine, were carried about for days and sometimes weeks by the shivering diners, author, while his beloved wife was dying on a spread of straw—to find a publisher willing to pay the merest pittance for them. As for Poe, history records as his two great faults, a tendency to drink and a way of borrowing money, which was never repaid. He was, however, sanguine of being able to repay when he borrowed. However, it must be said that those who could have presented any claims on Poe's assets (?) for money lent were people who had built up magazines and fortunes on his brains, giving him in some cases about five hundred dollars per annum for nearly three hundred and sixty-five days and nights of actual toil.

Poe was a very handsome man, with an almost effeminate beauty about the mouth and chin, and a superb forehead and head; he was also a perfectly accomplished elocutionist, and if he lived now would be the lyceum's ace of trumps.

"Did He ever Really Love Me?"

Many a girl has a beau who is very attentive, and says all manner of nice things, but doesn't propose, and finally deserts her; and the next thing she hears of him is that "he is paying attention to another". Such cases often come before our notice, and experience generally tells us that in most instances such a young man never has any real love for anybody but himself, and that all he cares for when he pretends to love a girl is to amuse himself as long as he may choose and end by going off when he is tired. A man who stops paying attention to a lady on the pretense that his love is changed that he loves her no longer, but now loves another, is a conscious deceiver. He knows very well that he has not loved, and that he does not love, and that he does not intend to keep his faith with any of the girls he is trifling with. True love does not seek change, nor will it give up its object for any but overwhelming reasons.

On a Furlough.

Col. B—was standing in the square at Bethel the other day, when he spied a farmer who, some weeks ago, had sold him a load of very "crooked" hay. The party in question is an active professor of religion, and a most zealous worker for his own pocket. The man's profession and practice being in such marked contrast caused the Colonel to eye him with dislike. When he came up the Colonel charged him with deception in the matter of hay. The skinflint stoutly denied the charge. The Colonel drew himself up to full height, and disdainfully observed:

"I am a soldier, sir; not a liar!"

"So am I a soldier," whined the skinflint.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.
Hon. Jos. Haycraft, Attorney, Owensboro.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.

Court begins the second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the first Monday in October.
OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.
J. L. Leach, Assessor, Corydon.
W. Smith Fitchburg, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
W. L. Howe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Canyon district, No. 1—P. H. Alford, Justice of the Peace. P. O. White Run. Courts held March 6, June 17, September 4, and December 2, 1863. Term of office of one year.

O. H. Hosine. Courts held March 18, June 5, September 18, and December 1, 1863. W. W. Ezell, Constable, P. O. Rosine.

Cool Springs district No. 2—A. N. Brown,

Justice of the Peace. P. O. Rockport. Courts held March 3, June 15, September 2, and December 16, 1863. Term of office of one year.

J. C. Pease. P. O. Rockport. Courts held March 1, June 12, September 16 and December 2, 1863. Isaac Brown, Constable, P. O. Rockport.

Centerpoint district No. 3—W. P. Render, J.

P. O. Point Pleasant. Courts held March 15, June 14, September 30, and December 15, 1863. A. T. Colman, J. P. P. O. Cervalo. Courts held March 20, June 25, September 15, and December 15, 1863. S. L. Falkerson, Constable, P. O. Hoggy Falls.

Bell's Store District No. 4—Ben Newton, J. P. P. O. Buford. Courts held March 11, June 23, September 11, and December 27, 1863. Term of office of one year.

P. O. Whiteside, Daviess County. Courts held March 9, June 21, September 9, December 23, James Miller, J. P. P. O. Whiteside, Daviess County. Courts held March 22, June 8, September 23, December 9, Constable—John C. W. Phillips, Deputy Sheriff, P. O. Whiteside, Daviess County, does the business.

Hartford District No. 7—J. P. Cooper, J. P. P. O. Beaver Dam. Courts held March 13, June 25, September 14, and December 8, 1863. Term of office of one year.

P. O. Whiteside, Daviess County. Courts held March 9, June 21, September 9, December 23, James Miller, J. P. P. O. Whiteside, Daviess County. Courts held March 22, June 8, September 23, December 9, Constable—John C. W. Phillips, Deputy Sheriff, P. O. Whiteside, Daviess County, does the business.

Fordsville District No 5—C. W. R. Cobb, J. P. P. O. Fordsville. Courts held March 8, June 10, September 8, December 22, J. L. Burton, J. P. P. O. Fordsville. Courts held March 20, June 7, September 5, December 8, 1863. Term of office of one year.

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